

## FIERCE CONTESTS IN COMMITTEES.

Michigan Delegates Seated at Last by a Vote of 27 to 16.

Many Silver Men Refused to Vote for the Unseating of the Gold Men.

Feared It Would Establish a Dangerous Precedent to Turn Out Delegates-at-Large.

Subsequently It Was Voted to Unseat the Michigan Delegates and Seat the Silverites.

PLATFORM SUITS THE MAJORITY.  
Senator Hill's Resolution Commending Cleveland's Courage, Fidelity and Integrity Laid on the Table.

Chicago, July 8.—At 9 o'clock this morning members of the Committee on Resolutions began to struggle into the parlors of the National Committee. Most of them wore a drooping aspect. They had lost rest and sleep, but the ordeal made no visible impression upon Senator Hill. He looked as brisk and as well prepared for work as though he had enjoyed his usual rest. So did the hardy Tillman, of South Carolina. The sub-committee of nine reported, six of them recommending the silver platform and three opposing it.

Senator Hill announced that he and his associates of the minority would consider the reported platform to themselves in another room. He said the minority was aware of its inability to effect any change in the direction desired by the anti-silver members. Therefore, they would leave the silver majority to discuss and arrange the platform as they wished. He said, however, that the voluntary absence of the minority members must not be construed as a waiver of any of the rights and principles and privileges they possessed as members of the committee. The minority members withdrew to Senator Hill's parlor, and the silverites proceeded to discuss the report of the sub-committee in detail.

The silver plank, which was identical the same as the one written by ex-Congressman Bryan and adopted at a State convention in Nebraska two years ago, was entirely acceptable. Delegate Davis, of Florida, offered a substitute for the Cuban resolution. He wanted a direct and emphatic declaration for the independence of Cuba; that the Convention urge President Cleveland to immediately recognize the belligerent rights of the Cubans in accordance with the request contained in the resolution adopted by Congress several months ago.

This was going further than some of the members deemed prudent. Still, Mr. Davis's substitute might have been adopted had it not been for the unwillingness of Tillman and others to even indirectly request anything from the President. The substitute was rejected and the original resolution adopted.

### On the Territories.

When the subject of the admission of the Territories into the Union was reached another difference of opinion was developed. The resolution of the sub-committee was pronounced too vague and tame to suit Mr. Bryan and other members from the West. A substitute was adopted stating that the admission of the Territories into the family of States as fast as they respectively passed the requisite population.

The reported platform was considered serious, but there was no discussion. It was more in the nature of a conversation than a debate. When the platform had been constructed to suit the silverites, the minority members returned. Senator Hill had the draft of a minority report, which he showed to Senator Jones. It was then that the only exciting incident of the meeting occurred. Senator Hill offered a resolution commending the integrity, courage and fidelity of President Cleveland.

"Don't offer that," suggested several. "I will offer it," retorted Senator Hill, with considerable warmth. "As a member of this committee, I have a right to present this resolution. You may vote it down or dispose of it as you will—but I offer it for adoption."

The members gathered around the table in an excited manner, apparently apprehending a clash between the stalwart Senator from New York and some of the silverites, who are venomously antagonistic to Cleveland. But the scene was of short duration.

Senator Tillman moved to lay the resolution of Senator Hill on the table. The motion cut off all debate and there was nothing to do but call the roll. The motion of Tillman to table prevailed by a vote of 33 to 15, three members being absent, of the three two would have voted with Tillman and the other with Hill. Hence the exact number willing to utter a good word for the President was sixteen.

The committee adjourned at 1:55 p. m. Chairman Jones proceeded to prepare the majority report for presentation to the Convention. The Senator Hill, accompanied by Senators Grey and Villard, retired to his room to put the minority report in shape.

The anti-silver members had determined that they would not cause useless delay by engaging in a debate in opposition to the silver plank. They knew that no efforts they could make would effect the slightest change in the free coinage resolution.

The fight in the Committee on Credentials, perhaps one of the longest on record, was extended for almost twenty-four hours. When the committee met it was not thought that they would meet the Michigan delegation, as the National Committee had with one exception voted unanimously in favor of the gold delegates from that State. It was a foregone conclusion, however, that the contesting delegation led by Congressman Bryan, of Nebraska, would be seated and the Mahoney delegates seated by the National Committee thrown out.

After a session of five hours, in which both sides of the Michigan case were heard,

the committee by a vote of 27 to 16 decided to seat the Michigan delegates. Many of the silver delegates refused to vote for the unseating of the gold men, claiming it established a dangerous precedent to unseat delegates-at-large, where the only Democratic organization had certified to their election.

After the case had been disposed of the Bryan-Mahoney fight of Nebraska was taken up and settled by an almost unanimous vote. The case of South Dakota was gone into and the occupants of the seats certified to by the Democracy of that State were allowed to retain their seats.

While a motion to adjourn was being made a resolution was offered by one of the silver men to reconsider the action in the case of Michigan and refer the matter to the sub-committee. The committee did not act on the resolution, but adjourned to meet at 10 o'clock in the convention hall. At their meeting before the convention was called to order, the tip was given out to silver men by the more conservative members of the committee, that if Michigan delegates would withdraw or refuse to vote, Senator White, who had been selected as permanent chairman, was approached and asked if the gold men of the convention did not vote, how would he construe the two-thirds rule?

### The Two-Thirds Rule.

It is claimed he stated that he would consider two-thirds of the delegates voting, as two-thirds of the convention, as with the withdrawal or refusal to vote of the gold men, the vote of the Bland men would be two-thirds of the convention, this meant the nomination of Bland upon the first ballot.

When this became known the Boies, Blackburn, McLean, Matthews and Penney men were forced to combine with the gold men to defeat the resolution. When the committee reported to the convention, they reported simply upon the South Dakota and Nebraska cases and asked for more time to consider the Michigan case.

When the convention adjourned, the Committee on Credentials went into executive session. Unable to secure any satisfactory compromise with the gold men after argument for several hours, the committee in the hands of a sub-committee of six. After arguing the case for two hours the sub-committee were unable to come to any agreement that was satisfactory to the committee as a whole, and the matter was reported back for the committee to dispose of.

During the session of the sub-committee assurances were received that the gold men, or sufficient of them, would remain and vote in the convention that the nomination of Bland could not be made on first ballot under Chairman White's interpretation of the rules. It was also stated that Chairman White had advised the committee that the silver men would consider two-thirds of the convention two-thirds of the elected delegates, and not two-thirds of those voting. When this became known the committee voted to unseat the Michigan delegates and seat the silver men, seating the delegates-at-large and the four district delegates.

The fight in the Committee on Credentials has caused a great deal of dissatisfaction among the silver men, especially among the more conservative members of it. The men who led the fight for the consideration of the decision of the committee and many others feel that a great wrong has been done to the cause of silver. The nomination of the party, Governor McLean, of Mississippi, was the recognized leader of the silver men, who were in favor of seating the contestants at all times.

### FOR A PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

The Republican National Committee Will Decide Upon One Next Tuesday in Cleveland.

Cleveland, July 8.—The National Republican Executive Committee will meet in Mark Hanna's office in this city next Tuesday. The committee will then decide that the National Headquarters will be in New York City, as is customary; will fill the vacancies in the National Committee from Colorado, Alaska and the District of Columbia, and will decide upon a plan of campaign. This last and most important of its immediate functions depends so entirely upon the action of the National Democratic Convention that any forecast at present is impossible.

It is expected here that the Democratic Convention will adjourn Friday at the latest. The day following adjournment Mark Hanna will go to Canton to make a final submission to Major McKinley of the membership of the Executive Committee of the Republican party. This approved, the list will be made public. Two, or perhaps three, vacancies exist in the sense that they await the action of the Democratic Convention, but that is all. The particulars are as follows:

Mark A. Hanna, of Cleveland, chairman; Charles D. Davis, of Evanston, Ill.; W. T. Durbin, of Anderson, Ind.; Cyrus L. Leach, of New York; Joseph H. Manley, of Albany, N. Y.; Henry C. Payne, of Milwaukee, Wis.

These have given their assent and will serve until the next election. The other three are to be filled by Matthew S. Quay, of Beaver, Pa.; Powell Clayton, of Little Rock, Ark.; and John M. Thurston, of Omaha, Neb. But it is a bornie in mind that exigencies may be raised by Democratic action, which will bring into prominence some one not yet mentioned. The secretary of the committee will certainly be William McKinley Osborne, of Roxbury, Mass., unless his England opponents bring arguments more than usually cogent to bear against his becoming Mr. Hanna's right hand man.

It is definitely settled that New York will be unrepresented on the Executive Committee, except in some such emergency as has just been indicated, and that save for any wounded feelings which may exist in the Empire State will be applied in the form of appointments to the Advisory Committee.

Major McKinley will leave Canton for the first time since his nomination on July 22, to attend the centennial celebration of the founding of Cleveland. Mr. Hanna has decided whether he will leave Cleveland for his vacation next month or not. If he does he will go to Newport, R. I., as has been reported.

### STAYED BY THE TICKER.

Cleveland Spent the Day in Reading Convention Bulletins Sent Over a Private Wire.

Buzzard's Bay, Mass., July 8.—President Cleveland spent the greater part of today with his finger on the pulse of the Chicago Convention, so to speak. A private wire was strung to Gray Gables yesterday, and an operator came down from Boston to receive the messages from the scene of the great battle in progress in the Windy City. But even as the young man began his work of receiving bulletins Mr. Cleveland was preparing to go fishing. The prospect of a good day's catch had more of charm to him than the messages of turmoil from the West. He was accompanied on his excursion by Joseph Jefferson. Fish were biting well in the ponds, for they did not return until evening, when they were well laden with their catch. In the meantime Senator Hill had been defeated in his fight for the temporary chairmanship, and the silver hosts were jubilant. Mr. Cleveland read the story from amid a sheaf of bulletins that had grown during his absence, but he made no comment.

He did not go fishing to-day, but spent the time at home within easy earshot of the ticker. Mrs. Cleveland seemed much interested in the news, and made frequent comments on the aspect of the fight, but Mr. Cleveland said nothing of the convention or of things political.

Have you tried the great puzzle, "Get Off the Earth"? It is given absolutely free, with next Sunday's Journal.

## CONVENTION STORIES OF GREAT MEN

Chicago, July 8.—One would be surprised to hear that this is not a picture of Mark Twain. It is what low natures call a "dead ringer" for Mark. As a matter of fact, however, it is a brilliant setting forth of Senator Walcott, of Mississippi. Its strong artistic point is the profile presented of Mr. Walcott's stomach. Mr. Walcott is a Virginian, born at Richmond, but has long lived and flourished in Mississippi. He is an accurate type of the Southern gentleman of the old school, and comes to us from a day's "chill" the wab," when Southern gentlemen raised cotton, drank peach and honey and played poker, "two-call-five, in algebra." Once, when a passenger on the steamboat Grand Turk, en route for St. Louis, Mr. Walcott was embarked in poker. A favorite negro stood behind his chair. A looker-on, who had just come in, asked the negro:

"Do you belong to the boat?"

"No, sah," replied the negro, with a worried look. "I don't know who I belongs to. D' title to me is mighty shifty jus' now."

"Don't know who you belong to?" repeated the new-comer. "How's that?"

"Well, sah," replied the negro, "dey's 'sperment' with my title in dis pokah game, sah. I've belongs to Mars Polindere ova dar, An' to Mars Walcott, ova h'yar. I'm in a jack-pot now, sah, an' I reckon by d' time another han' or so's deat out, I'll know who owns me agin."

Mr. Walcott not only looks like Mark Twain, but, like the latter, he is a humorist. Often, in the cloak room of the Senate Mr. Walcott will drive dull care away by telling funny stories, while his colleagues sleep. Out here it is Mr. Walcott's custom to gather an audience and relate stories of the South. Speaking of the religious enthusiasm of negroes Mr. Walcott told the following:

"Besides changing their names whenever any event of importance happens," said Mr. Walcott, "the Southern negro frequently changes his religion. He may start out as a Methodist. In a week you'll find that he's shifted his brush and belongs to the Campbellite Church. I had a boy, Tom, black as a spade flush. Tom came to me one day and said:

"Mars Walcott, I see done joined the Presbyterian Church. Can't hunt no mo' on Sunday, now, sah. I've got 'ligion an' I've got it hot."

"I told him I was glad to hear it. A little churchgoing was better than hunting on Sunday, and it was wiser to save one's soul than to catch a possum. About a month later Tom observed: 'Mars Walcott, I've piked number of years. I long to d' Methodist now. You see, d' Presbyterian's a heap too dismal a religion to a nigger, sah. It make Tom mighty gloomy; sah; so I hitches up wid d' Methodist, an' I feel like I've safe now.'"

"It wasn't a month afterward when Tom vouchsafed the information that he had abandoned the Methodists for the Baptists."

"Yassah," said Tom; "I lines wid a Deep-wash passel of folks who calls themselves a Baptist."

an hour, and the row they made for volume and deep-sea grief could have given the wake of a Commodore man cards and spades. The police at last pulled the doornail and desired to know wherefore all this blither woe. The register was bill was produced. All of this funeral was born of Mr. McLean and his bent for gorgeous colorings. Mr. McLean is the editor and owner of the Cincinnati Enquirer. It is a pillar of fire by night and a cloud by day to the Ohio Democracy. There is this peculiarity about Mr. McLean. He lives in Ohio, but



JOHN R. McLEAN.

resides in Washington. Brice is the only other well-known man who has been capable of this dual address. Brice lived in Ohio, but resided in New York. Mr. McLean, as you see him in the picture, is at Flat D, Auditorium Annex, where he keeps his room for the Presidency. The colored person apparent in the background, and from whose expression it is clear no chicken would be safe in his presence a second without a chapman, is body guard to Mr. McLean's boom. You cannot see him, but Beriah Wilkins, publisher of the Washington Post, and incidentally manager of Mr. McLean's political destiny, is sitting just in front of Mr. McLean. Mr. Wilkins is sitting on a divan, with his legs curled beneath him like a Turk's. This is to keep callers from pulling them. Mr. McLean is very wise, and when he looks up for the wisdom and when he looks down for the wisdom, Mr. Wilkins has a great war record. He enlisted at the beginning of the late campaign with a sixty-day regiment, and the whole blood-thirsty outfit went surging South. This was in Ohio, which State is fortunate as the parent of both Mr. McLean and Mr. Wilkins. Mr. Wilkins and his brave comrades crossed the Ohio River, they at once proceeded to throw up earthworks. They compiled a redoubt as strong and frowning

as no rebel ever came near it. This is the climax of war, to build a fort so plainly impregnable that the foe will pass it up. Just as Mr. Wilkins and his regiment got the cornies on their fortifications the sixty days were up. The regiment held a mass meeting. The question was "Would they re-enlist?" The colonel presided and called for remarks. All hung back. At last Mr. Wilkins, then a young man, with sunny hair, like corn silk, and a laughing eye, stepped forward. Like Pizarro, on a similar occasion, when settling all things Peruvian, Mr. Wilkins drew his shovel and marked a line in the sand. "Comrades," shouted Mr. Wilkins, while his eye flashed like a falcon, "on this side of the line I'm Ohio, three meals a day and safety. On this," and here the intrepid young hero pointed southward with his keen shovel, "on this I'm privation, sorrow-belly and a soldier's grave. Which will we embrace? I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me the safe, Ohio, sure thing end of it. My mind's made up. Nothing can swerve me now." With these words Mr. Wilkins crossed over to the Ohio side of the line and broke his shovel against a tree, saying: "So end all my battles; all my dreams of glory." Carried away by his example, the entire regiment followed Mr. Wilkins. They returned to Ohio as one man. The world's history was saved many a blood-bedded page by the few words and prompt steps of Mr. Wilkins, for if this regiment had re-enlisted and continued its career, it has ever been the belief of good judges that it would have been a case of Katy-bar-the-door with Jeff Davis or anybody who got in its way. When Mr. McLean is President Mr. Wilkins will be Secretary of the Treasury and bank our national game.

Full many a flower was born to blush unseen, And waste its fragrance on the desert air.

Ex-Governor Flower, a draught of whose features has been secured for the readers of this paper, is a great and a good man. He divides his day into two employments. In the morning he thinks; in the afternoon he hopes. In the morning he thinks of when he was Governor, and in the afternoon he hopes to be Governor again. The sedentary look in Mr. Flower's face belies him. It is a delusion and a snare. Mr. Flower is as soon and swift as a flash as any who ever signed a draft. When Mr. Flower was a boy he, like the late President Garfield, worked on the canal. At first his assignment was to lounge along the towpath and throw clubs at the mules and make remarks about them and criticize their work. As he grew older he stood with the tiller between his legs, steered the boat and yelled "now bridge" by way of information to the balance of the crew. As he grew up Mr. Flower glided from the canal into finance and is now very rich, and therefore very respectable. While a youth on the canal Mr. Flower met with a mishap that almost slipped him in the bud—robbed us of him, as it were. He had a large pile of pack of dogs who devoted themselves to hunting the racoons of the region along the canal whenever young Flower gave them the tip to do so. It was a Fall evening up on the 68-mile level when young Flower, having bedded down the canal boat and moored the mules bow and stern, whistled his faithful dogs and wended toward a neighboring corn field in quest of his prey. The dogs got a coon up a basswood tree. Young Flower climbed the monarch of the forest to jolt the coon out where the

dogs could mingle with him. Unforunately, as young Flower ascended he lost his weight on a rotten bough. The result was awful. It broke and young Flower came crashing to the ground. The plot at this point thickens. The base of the bass wood was surrounded by young Flower's eager hordes of dogs, who were assembled on a purely canine theory. They did not expect young Flower to come down that way; but they were looking for the coon. In the darkness the entire canine reception committee leaped upon young Flower under a notion



ROSWELL P. FLOWER.

that he was the coon, and the way they tore fragments from his shrinking form didn't bother them a bit. Of course, the first sample he got of young Flower taught each dog what an ass he'd been, and he let up. This was all that saved young Flower's life. He totes the marks to this day, and declares that nothing in after life ever equalled this episode for action, unless it was the opening of a salmon in a strong Tammany district. Mr. Flower is a great philanthropist, and aims before he dies to build a Home for Indigent Bankers.

This gives one the hair-raising features of an Oregon editor. His name is Tony Noltner. He edits a paper called the Dispatch and does it without the aid of a net. Mr. Noltner is what the Slovaks of his country call "hep bald," but he lets the few scant locks on the left side of his head grow wild and flowing, and combs them deftly over the bald. By this simple stratagem Mr. Noltner does not strike folk as being as badly bald as he is. A good deal could be said about Mr. Noltner's clothes, but most of it would have trouble in getting through the post office as second-class mail matter, so let it go. Mr. Noltner's sole relaxation is fishing. He will wander off into the wet regions and fish himself into a state of fiery health each Summer.

"While I'm a devoted fisherman," quoth Mr. Noltner to me the other day at the Island, "I've no patience with these dudes who do their little fly-blown turn with a rod and reel. When I fish

I do so in a purely formal way and never allow myself to become in the least sort familiar with a fish. I want a fish to understand that I'm only transacting business with him, and that we meet and part as strangers. I fish with a strong, stiff pole, and prefer for this purpose a 2x4 scantling. When I get a bite I yank my fish out and drop in for another. Fish is the object of his being game! But my rod, I don't believe in the frivolous custom of allowing a fish to run away with a mile of line and go flopping up and down the river for an hour before I take him into camp. It's inhuman, too, and breeds false notions in the bosom of the fish that he's free. The gamest fish in Oregon is the eel. I was fishing up at The Falls lately and hooked an eel. I yanked him out, and he came sailing through the air looking like the letter S. I slammed him against the State of Oregon like a ton of brick. Now, you call a bass a game fish. What do you suppose a bass would have done if he'd got the jolt that eel did? He'd laid there and panted. Wouldn't have moved a wheel. Just laid there and batted his eyes and begged: that's what a bass would have done if he'd been game! But my rod, I'm a Shoshone if he didn't stand up on his tail and fight me. Why, game! that eel was as game as a blither. He stood me off, and I kicked him on him. Fido's a dog with a record. Cleaned out a band of Chink section hands in one day. Fido was a dog with a record. Fido up in just one minute, Mountain time. Talk of him being game? How big was he? How do I know? I never got a chance to pull

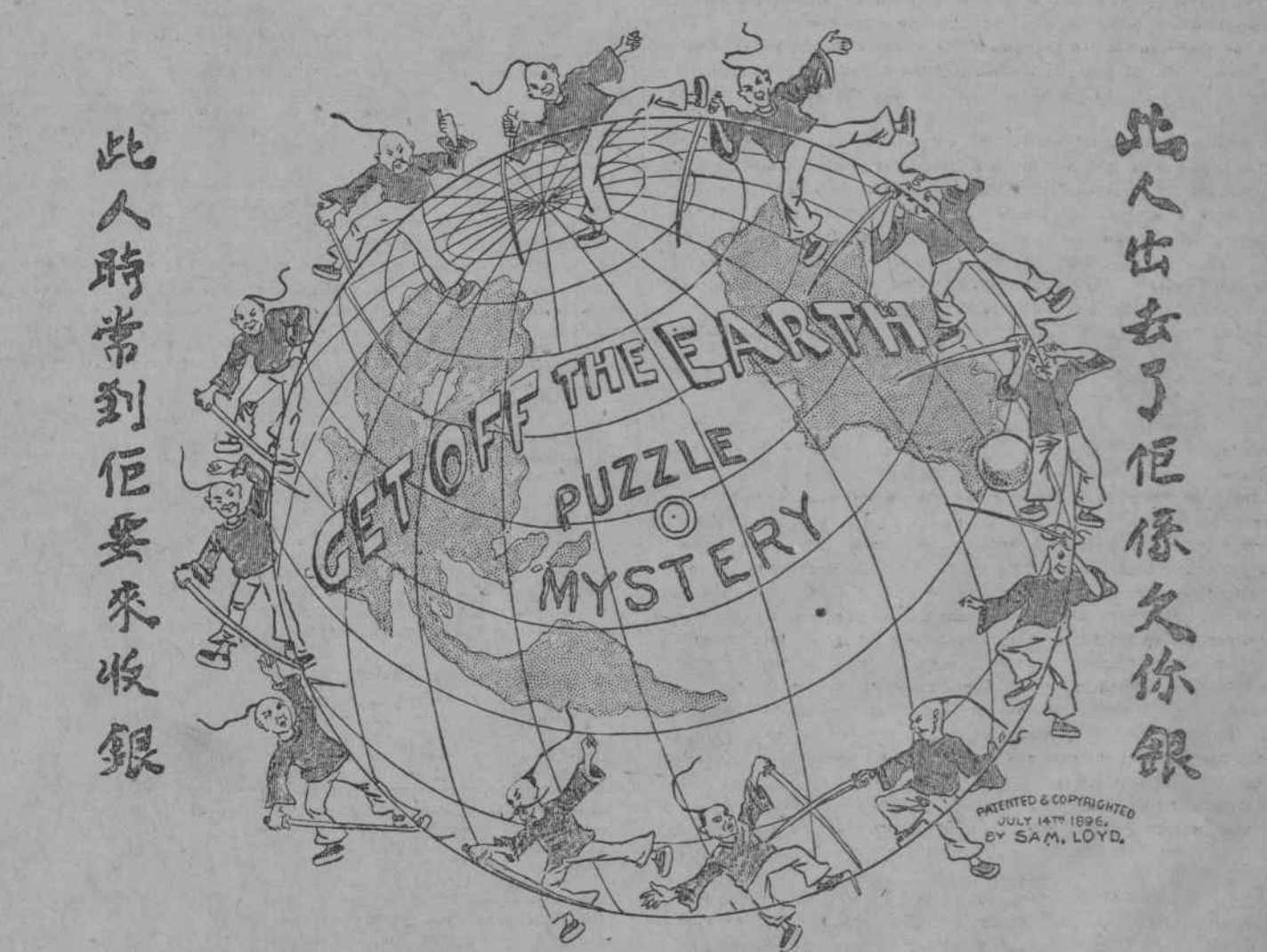


TONY NOLTNER.

a steel-yard on him. After he cleaned out Fido he went back in the river, where he lived. Took my line and the whole layout, the eel did. Since then I've stood for the eel as the gamest fish we have."

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS.

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